

(15)
STREPHON and CLORIS.

Or, the Coy
SHEPHERD and Kind SHEPHERDES

*He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,
And from her kind Embraces would away;
But she with loving Charms doth him so fetter,
That for to stay he finds it much the better:
When Flock, and Herds, and all concerns do fail,
Love must be satisfy'd, one will prevail.
To a pleasant new Tune at the Play-House;
Or, Love will find out the way, &c.*

Ah! Cloris awake,
It is all abroad Day,
If you sleep any longer
our Flocks they will stray:
I see still my dear shepherd,
and do not rise yet,
For it is a cold Windy morning,
and besides it is wet.

My Cloris make haste,
for it is no such thing;
Our time we do waste,
for the Lark is on Wing,
Besides I do fancy
I hear the Young Lambs,
Cry ha, ha, ha, ha,
for the loss of their Damms.

My shepherd I come,
though I'm all over so
But I shan't rise, nor love you,
if you rise so to morrow:
For me thinks it's unkind,
thus early to rise:
And not to bid me good morrow:
brings tears from my Eyes.

O hark my dear Cloris,
before thou shalt weep:
I'll stay to embrace thee,
neglecting my sleep:
My Flocks they may wander,
one hour, two or three:
But if I lose thy favour,
I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear shepherd,
to hear thee say so:
It eases my heart of
much sorrow and woe:
And for thy Reward
I will give thee a Kiss:
And then thou shalt taste
of a true Lovers bliss.

But Cloris behold how
bright Phoebus his Beams:
I bid's us to go
to the murmuring Streams:
I hear the brave Huntsman
doth follow the cry:
And make the Woods ring,
yet how sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsman
may follow the Chase:
Whilst we enjoy pleasure
in a far better place:
Thou knowst my dear Shepherd
there is no delight,
Like Lovers enjoyment
from Morning till Night.

Alas my dear Cloris,
what dost thou require:
The care of my Flocks
doth abate my desire:
The Lambs are now weaned,
and tender for Prey,
And I fear the Sle Wolf
he should bear them away.

My Love do not fear it,
the Wolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging
in his Woolly Bed:
Then let me embrace thee,
whilst we do agree:
And I promise to go,
thou shalt after be free.

Ah Cloris! the words
are so powerful with me,
That I could be willing
to carry with thee:
Therefore to content thee,
one hour I will stay,
But I vow by God Cupid,
I will then go away.

Now I have my wishes,
dear Shepherd we'll part,
Although thou dost carry
away my poor heart:
I bless the great Gods,
that to Lovers are kind:
To bring us together,
such bliss for to find.

Then farewell dear Cloris,
till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to
my Flock on the Plain:
Where I shall record
thy true Love in such Rhymes,
For shepherds to admire
in succeeding times.

FINIS